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PROGRAMME.

PART I.—"The National Anthem," arranged by Henry Leslie, Esq.; "I will give
thanks," Palestrina; "We hail thee, glad spring time," arranged from Aubert; "Moon-
light song of the fairies," W. B. Bradbury; "Skylark's song," Mendelssohn; "The
little church," V. E. Becker; "See our cars," Sir John Stevenson; "Beautiful star,"
Sayles; "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," Stevens; "When the earth is hush'd," De
Call; "Envy, eldest-born of hell," Handel; "Hail, smiling morn," Spofforth.

PART II.—"Call John," "Greeting," Meyerbeer; "Return of Spring," Kalivoda;
"O hills, O vales of pleasure," Mendelssohn; "See the chariot at hand," Horley;
"The blue bells of Scotland," arranged by A. Neithardt; "Life's pleasant sail," from
the German Music Hall; "Good news from home," P. S. Gilmore; "From Oberon
in fairyland," Stevens; "Now pray we for our country," Eliza Flower.

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Admission 1s. Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. Sofa stalls, 5s. For further particulars, see
small bills.

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twelve and eighteen years of age, will send in their names and addresses to the
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Institution, on or before the 13th December. The Certificate of Birth must be pro-
duced previous to the Candidate being allowed to compete for a Scholarship. By
order of the Committee of Management, J. GIMSON, Secretary.

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Published by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.; where "I love you" may be obtained, transcribed for the Pianoforte by Emile Berger, price 3s.

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This is a series of nine variations on the above popular air, and possesses a beauty seldom found in this class of music, namely, that the air is heard in all the variations. It is a good piece for practice, and not too difficult for the generality of players. We heartily recommend it to our musical friends, to many of whom Mr. Dawes is already favourably known as a composer."—*Hastings and St. Leonard's News*.

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"I slept, and oh! how sweet the dream"	2 0
"Good bye, my love, good bye"	2 0

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"GOOD NIGHT," (Cradle Song—Wiegenlied) composed by ALEXANDER REICHARDT, price 2s. 6d. London: published by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

The day, pretty darling, draw near to its close,
Come, cease from your play, on your pillow repose,
You peep from the cradle still laughing and bright,
Kind angels for ever preserve you, good night.

With freedom from sorrow, dear child, you are blest,
To you a pure heaven is your fond mother's breast;
Wild passion some day will your happiness blight,
Kind angels preserve you, my darling, good night.]

Ah! happy is he who can slumber like you,
Be ever, dear child, to your innocence true.
The righteous are watched by the spirits of light,
Who guard them while sleeping, my darling, good night.

"Few songs of modern days have achieved a more decided or better merited success than Herr Reichardt's charming lied, 'Thou art so near and yet so far,' which has for the last two years been the delight of all concert-goers and drawing-room vocalists of more than ordinary pretensions. Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. have just published a new composition, from the same original and elegant pen, entitled 'Good Night' (a cradle song). The words are exquisitely simple and unaffected, being the address of a mother to her sleeping babe; and it is but justice to Herr Reichardt to say that he has wedded an exquisite domestic poem to a most graceful, unaffected melody, which breathes the very spirit of maternal tenderness. The song, which is written for a tenor voice—the composer being, as our readers know, one of the first of living German vocalists—in the key of F major; and to amateurs of taste we can cordially recommend 'The Cradle Song' as a composition worthy of their attention."—*Liverpool Mail*.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS, words by Dr.

J. F. WALLER, music by CHARLES OBERTHUR, vocal trio, with or without accompaniment of the piano, as sung by Mad. Clara Novello, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Weiss, and performed at the Philharmonic and the Author's Concerts in Dublin. Score and parts 5s., to be had at the principal music-sellers, and of the Author, 14 Cottage Road, Westbourne, Terrace, N.W.

Reviews.

THE successful reproduction of Mr. Edward Loder's *Night Dancers* at Covent Garden is likely to create as general a demand for the music as the opera when it was first brought out at the Princess's in 1846. Few works contain the elements of popularity to a greater degree; few of recent years—at least, with which we are acquainted—present a more attractive combination of lively fancy and polished art. The opera entire has just been published in one volume (Charles Jefferys)—we mean, of course, the pianoforte adaptation. Each number can, on the other hand, be had separately.

The overture to the *Night Dancers*—by far the best of Mr. Loder's orchestral preludes—begins with an *andantino*, consisting of a graceful theme, interrupted with snatches of fairy music, in which the prominent passages are distributed *à la Mendelssohn*. The village life and the dream of the "Wilis"—are here poetically combined. The subjects of the *allegro* are both beautiful—the first passionate, the second tender and graceful; the *fortissimo* counter-theme, and the *coda* are brilliant; and the whole work is brilliant and animated. The overture is here arranged for four hands, and very well arranged, by the way. The legend for Mary, "Two sailors they came," in the induction (query, "introduction") is quaint and pretty, and is in the key of A minor. Godfrey's song, "Laugh, my girls," in B flat, is full of character, and harmonised in Auber's most sparkling manner. The lake serenade, "Pull, comrades, pull," in G, for Albert and chorus, is beautiful and highly effective. An air for Giselle, "Wild in the spirit," in the same key, is simple and melodious, with an unpretending but neatly-written accompaniment. We are again reminded of Auber in the passage preceding the resumption of the theme as well as in the entire treatment. The "induction" ends with the serenade dying away in the distance.

The chorus of vintagers, "Welcome neighbours," in F, which commences Act I., is fresh and flowing, and very effective for the voices. After an accompanied recitative in dialogue, in which Mary, Albert, and Fridolin take part, another serenade for Albert, in D flat, "Wake, my love," occurs. This is exceedingly graceful, and one of the most telling pieces in the opera. It is beautifully written for the tenor voice, and never fails of producing an effect on the stage. Giselle's scena, "I dreamt we stood before the altar," is more ambitious than anything which precedes it in the opera. The first movement, in E minor, with the *tremolo* accompaniment, is earnest and beautiful. The *andante*, in G, is equally charming, and accompanied deliciously. The *cabaletta*, in E major, hardly pleases us so much, the subject being rather trite. A ballad for Albert, in G, "I cannot flatter if I would," is simple and pleasing, and though written on the regular "order pattern," has nothing common in it. In the first success of the opera, fourteen years ago, this ballad took immensely with the public. Mary's song, "The cup is oak," published in G, originally in C, as sung by Miss Smithson at the Princess's Theatre, has been omitted in the Covent Garden representation. It is, nevertheless, very quaint and pleasing, and would, we fancy, have suited Miss Thirlwall. The concerted piece, "A noble train," admirably constructed, and opening with a spirit and boldness worthy of Rossini, introduces a striking air for Bertha, "Our way has been both rough and long." A chorus of huntsmen which follows, "Here's a health to the forester good," in D, offers nothing remarkable for

criticism. A song, in B flat, "For one sweet hour," not assigned in the volume to any character, and omitted at the Royal English Opera, we may suppose to be sung by the Duke, as the verses imply a desire for the momentary resignation of pomp and power. The omission of this song in the representation cannot be esteemed a serious loss. A recitative and aria, "I breathe again," and "What pleasure can there be in staying?" for Giselle, in G minor and major, is also left out in the revival at Covent Garden; not unwisely, we think, as it is by no means an inspiration, and created less effect than anything in the opera when it was first produced, even with the aid of Mad. Albertazzi's singing. The recitative is poor, and the air is a *mêlée* of Meyerbeer's "Ah com è rapida," and Rossini's "Una voce." The finale to the first act is admirably constructed, and contains many charming things. Amongst them must be cited the pretty "Flower duet" for Giselle and Albert, consisting of an *andante* and *allegro* in A flat. This duet embodies the divination-speech of Margaret in *Faust*, "He loves me—loves me not," which all the world knows. A bacchanalian chorus, "Long live our vintage queen," in C, takes its subject from the overture, or, more properly, it borrows. The ballet music is beautiful. The "Peasants' Dance," *à la Mazurka*, is new and sparkling, and the "Silesian Waltz" particularly attractive. This last dance-piece told almost as well as anything else in the opera during its first career. The employment of snatches of the duet in Giselle's dying scene is ingenious, appropriate, and effective. The chorus of monks, "Holy waters o'er thee sprinkling," in E flat, is an exquisite strain of choral harmony. Indeed, the whole finale is not only the work of a musician but of a man of ingenious fancy.

The second act, the finest part of the opera, is full of beauties. It opens with a charming recitative for Bertha, succeeded by a duet for Bertha and Albert, "Peace to the dead," in A flat, exceedingly touching and graceful. A quintet and chorus, "Ah! sure, sweet maid," is slightly reminiscent of the introduction to *Guillaume Tell*, but not the less beautiful on that account. To this succeeds an air with chorus for Fridolin, "He who lingers here," describing the characteristics of the Wilis, which is full of dramatic effect, and possesses many beauties well worth the musician's notice. Albert's air in E flat, "Wake from thy tomb, Giselle," is for the most part pathetic and beautiful, but somewhat marred by the Italian *crescendo* in the middle, which is neither very new nor very striking. To the chorusses and dances of the "Wilis" which now succeed we have nothing but praise to offer. The opening chorus, "Pace, pace around her bed," in F, is very charming, with a characteristic tripping measure, and full of ethereal grace. The trio, "The Wilis of the night are we," is not less fanciful and fairylike, and perhaps more captivating from the marked character of its rhythm. The air, "What delightful being's this?" in G, which Giselle sings on rising from the tomb, expresses the sentiment of the situation with great dramatic propriety; and the brief chorus of "Wilis" in answer, "No, sister, no," has an admirable and striking effect. The "Waltz of the Wilis" follows—a graceful and elegant dance leading to a recitative and short chorus, "Hence, hence let us fly," which brings us to Fridolin's air, "Pretty sprites, where are you hiding?" in A, a very sparkling and Auberish composition. The scene between the "Wilis" and Fridolin, in which the beadle is made to dance himself to death, is capitally illustrated by the music. The tarantella, especially, is delicious, as if indeed it were drawn from the

very fount of inspiration of Rossini and Auber. The duet for Giselle and Albert, "Thou hast called," is a charming melody. Giselle's air in F, "Ah, no! you'll forget," is pretty, but not remarkable. Her hymn, "Ave Maria," however, after she wakes from her dream, redeems it. This is a perfect gem, equally remarkable for the beauty of its melody and its masterly treatment. The final rondo for Giselle, "On me crowd such joyous fancies," has nothing particular to recommend it but its brilliant passages—more brilliant, however, than effective. But bravura writing is not one of Mr. Loder's excellencies, no more than of some other English writers. The little that is exceptional, nevertheless, may be well overlooked on account of the numerous beauties contained in the *Night Dancers*, the music of which cannot fail to afford delight in the closet as well as in the theatre.

"*Break, break, break*"—composed by E. BURNETT. Mus. Bac. Cantab. (Leader and Cock). The well-known and beautiful stanzas of the poet-laureate, which will at once be suggested by the thrice reiterated "Break," have frequently been set, with more or less felicity, but not often with such real and unaffected expression as by Mr. Burnett, who, in the present instance, shows himself worthy to be a bachelor of the same university where Sterndale Bennett holds the rank of professor.

"*What the bee is to the flowret*"—Polka chorus, by Dr. A. DENNING (J. Brader—Swansea). Pretty, lively, without pretension, and in the most unmistakable polka rhythm.

"*Crocusses and Snowdrops*"—Song, composed for Mad. Sainton-Dolby, by RACHEL EVANS, R.A.M. (J. Brader—Swansea). The unlaboured simplicity of this little song would be alone attractive; but happily this is accompanied by genuine melody and a most careful and appropriate reading of the words.

VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Nov. 4, 1860.

In the lobbies of the two Imperial theatres, the Burg and Karntnerthor, a code of regulations to be observed by the public is posted in conspicuous positions. Bearing date Feb. 1800, these regulations are still in force. The first article refers to the approaches and entrances to the theatres, mode of securing places, and other local arrangements. Articles XIV. to XX. directing the conduct of the audience during the performances, are more remarkable and worth reciting. They are set forth in the following very questionable French:—

XIV.—"Dans le nombre des Bienséances à observer une des premières c'est d'ôter son chapeau à l'entrée du parterre noble que leurs Majestés se trouvent au Spectacle ou non, et celui, qui averti par le Commissaire Inspecteur s'obstineroit à rester couvert, sera non-seulement obligé de quitter la salle incontinent, mais il pourra encore, suivant le cas, être sujet à une animadversion.

XV.—"Si leurs Majestés sont présentes au spectacle les hommes se tiendront pareillement au second parterre et dans le Loges la tête découverte.

XVI.—"Il s'entend de soi-même, qu'ainsi que le sentiment des convenances doit le dicter, personne ne fera difficulté d'ôter son chapeau lorsque celui-ci masquerait la vue ou generoit d'autres spectateurs.

XVII.—"Les applaudissements que meriteroient la Pièce ou les acteurs ne doivent jamais se manifester d'une manière bruyante contraire aux règles de la bienséance, et les réprises aiant le double inconvénient de trop prolonger la représentation, et de fatiguer les chanteurs, il est défendu de faire répéter un morceau de chant ou de danse.

XVIII.—"Il n'est de même point permis de redemander un morceau de danse dans les Ballets."

These two last articles make a despotic government, as far as theatrical matters are concerned, almost desirable.

XIX.—"Les applaudissements à trois réprises étant regardés comme un hommage dû aux Souverains seuls, il n'est point permis de les accorder aux acteurs et actrices de quelque genre de spectacle que ce soit. Il est défendu en outre de demander à force de battemens de mains, de cris et autre tapage, que quelque individu que ce soit reparaisse apres la fin du spectacle; ainsi qu'il est sévèrement défendu à toutes les personnes attachées au service des Theatres de la Cour de se rendre à ces sortes de provocations, de reparoitre apres la fin du spectacle sous quelque pretexte que ce soit, et surtout d'adresser la parole au Public. Ce règlement ne souffre aucune autre exception que le cas du Debat d'un personnage.

XX.—"Le paiement de l'Entrée ne pourra donner à personne le Droit de commettre une action meséante, ceux qui à la salle du spectacle tenteroient de siffler, huer, faire tapage avec les pieds ou les cannes, seront d'abord arrêtés et ensuite punis pour avoir commis une incongruité, d'autant plus répréhensible, qu'un silence general est un signe bien plus décisif du mécontentement d'un public que ce tapage, qui presque toujours n'est que le resultat du caprice ou de la cabale."

And to these regulations the Viennese public still submit. It sometimes happens that an unhappy baritone will excite a frequenter of the gallery "to commit an incongruity," in the way of hissing, or that a revolutionary prima donna defies the Imperial commands, and appears before the curtain oftener than is allowed, having raised the enthusiasm of the audience to an unwonted pitch by her extraordinary skill; but as a rule both the public and the artists have a wholesome dread of the tyrannical imperial resario, and his regulations are obeyed accordingly.

To continue my last letter, on Sunday, Oct. 28, *Les Huguenots* was given at the Karntnerthor as follows:—

Marguerite, Mlle. Liebhart.	St. Bris, Herr Hrabaneck.
Nevers, Herr Liebich.	Raoul, Herr Walter (instead of Herr Ander, who was prevented singing by a sudden hoarseness.)
Marcel, Herr Drachsler.	Urban, Mlle. Ferrari.
	Valentine, Mad. Csillag.

Mlle. Liebhart is hardly equal to the part she undertook, the music of which is not adapted to her voice. To those who remember Anna Zerr on this stage as Marguerite, the inefficiency of her successor was painfully apparent. Herr Watter acquitted himself creditably as Raoul, and his brother artists exerted themselves successfully in their respective rôles. The chief feature of the evening was most unquestionably the Valentine of Mad. Csillag, an effort reflecting its lustre upon the whole performance. If in *La Juive* and *Trovalore*, Mad. Csillag exhibited vocal and histrionic powers which would surprise those who never heard her but at Covent Garden, as Valentine she completely established her claim to be ranked among the greatest dramatic singers of the present day. The band and chorus were careless during the first and second acts, but regained their wonted energy and precision for the rest of the opera. The Benediction Chorus was well rendered. It is somewhat remarkable that the light and shade, such characteristic features of this composition, are overlooked by Herr Proch, the grand "crescendo" to which we are so accustomed in London, being neglected by the Viennese conductor; with this exception the execution was perfect, and the ensemble complete.

On Monday, Oct. 29th, a ballet, and Tuesday, 30th, *La Dame Blanche*, with Herr Wachtel, Mad. Wildauer, &c. I must not forget to record the opening of a new theatre in the Leopoldstadt quarter. The building is situate on the city bank of the Danube, and forms a handsome contrast to the dilapidated houses which formerly occupied the same site. It is built upon the French model, and most elegantly decorated in white and gold. The gas is almost too profuse, the illumination of the audience portion of the theatre being so brilliant as to mar the stage effects. The entertainments are similar to those given at the Carl Theatre, consisting of adaptations from the French, including all the repertoire of the Bouffes Parisiens. The fascinating Zöllner is one of the company, of which Carl Treumann is the director, the theatre in fact being his speculation, and named after him.

Nestroy's career as manager was brought to a close on Wednesday, Oct. 31st. There was more excitement to secure places for the occasion than on any Jenny Lind night of former times. As much as 80 guilders was paid for a stall, which was sold by

auction at Daum's Café. The public favourite appeared in a *mélange* of five of his most celebrated characters, and made a farewell speech, put together for him by Anton Lauger, in which were cleverly introduced the titles of the different pieces he had written or adapted to the German stage, Nestroy being a most successful playwright as well as a popular actor. The adieu was most impressive. When the curtain rose for the "last few words," Nestroy was discovered surrounded by the members of his company, the ladies being most elegantly attired in white silk dresses. Of course every point of the speech elicited applause, but the excitement of the audience is altogether indescribable when their favourite appealed directly to their feelings in the following lines:—

"Was ich als Darsteller gewirkt, gestrebt,
Sie wissen's ja, Sie haben es mitgelebt.
So hab' ich es erreicht nach manchem Jahr,
Dass ich—darf ich es sagen?—Ihr Lieblich war?"

Bouquets, wreaths, showers of flowers were hurled at the speaker, who was quite overcome, and for some time unable to master the strong emotion which impeded his powers of speech. After the audience had dispersed, a handsome silver crown, inscribed with the names of all the company, from the call-boy to the first tragedian, was presented by the artists to their manager, as a souvenir of October 31. Nestroy was born in Vienna in 1802, and made his first appearance on any stage as a vocalist at the Karntnerthor Theatre in 1824. Although he retires from the position of director he will not abandon his theatrical career, having engaged himself to Carl Treumann to appear at the new theatre in January next. Till then he will remain at a chateau he has recently purchased in the neighbourhood of his native city. On Thursday, November 1, *La Favorita* was performed at the Opera House, under the title of *Leonora*. Why the name of the work is changed none can tell but those in the confidence of the Imperial impresario. The cast was as follows:—

Fernando, Herr Wachtel.	Cardinal, Herr Drachsler.
Il Ré, Herr Hrabaneck.	Leonora, Mad. Csillag.

The representation was in great peril owing to Herr Hrabaneck's total ignorance of the part he had undertaken to perform. In the duet with Leonora he was almost unable to join, not knowing anything of the music. By any other audience Herr Hrabaneck would have been hooted off the stage, and the manager called upon to substitute another artist; but, thanks to the "regulations" before quoted, the incompetent baritone was treated with that silence which is said to be "un signe bien plus décisif que le tapage." Mad. Csillag did her utmost to assist her camarade in his dilemma, but in vain. The duet was sung by the soprano alone. Herr Wachtel did not distinguish himself remarkably as Fernando, which is a part requiring more refinement and control of voice than he has yet acquired. Mad. Csillag revenged herself for the break-down in the duet by her admirable singing throughout the opera. Another instance of a different, and certainly less effective, reading of a morceau at the Karntnerthor to that at other theatres, occurs in the well-known duet in the last act of this opera. The "tempo" adopted by the German singers and conductor is so very much slower, and the nuances so very much exaggerated, that the melody and situation seem to be travestied and hardly recognisable as the same which create such a furor upon the Italian stage.—Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer* was produced on Friday, November 2, after many weeks' preparation, with complete success. The different parts were thus filled:—

Daland, Herr Meyerhofer.	Der Holländer, Herr Beck.
Erik, Herr Walter.	Ein Steurmann, Herr Erl.
Senta, Fräulein Kraus.	

The libretto is founded upon the old legend of the sea, known as "The Flying Dutchman;" a story, the hero of which is condemned, as penance for his sins, to encounter the perils of storm and shipwreck, until he can meet with a young girl who is willing to sacrifice her life to secure his absolution. In the first act the ship of Daland is discovered at anchor. A storm arises, during which the phantom ship of the *Fliegender Holländer* appears. Daland and the Holländer disembark and speak together on the strand.

The former offers the condemned wanderer a hospitable reception at his house, which is accepted, and a bargain concluded between them for the hand of Daland's daughter in exchange for certain jewels to be given by the Holländer. The storm subsides, and the two ships sail for the neighbouring port. In the second act Senta, Daland's daughter, is surrounded by her maidens, who spin and sing, upbraiding her the while for her melancholy state. They persuade her to tell a dream she has had of the Flying Dutchman, in which she believes her destiny to be foreshadowed. During the recital Erik, her lover, enters, and endeavours to induce Senta to disregard the presentiment she feels. Erik leaves her. Daland returns, bringing with him the Holländer, whose presence and appearance realise the presage of Senta's dream. She hears the promise her father has made, and accepts the Holländer. In the third and last act, Senta is about to depart with her spectre bridegroom, when he learns her former attachment to Erik. The Holländer discloses his history, and refuses to sacrifice the life of Senta. His vessel sets sail. Senta, true to the promise of her father and her destiny, plunges into the sea, constant to the Holländer to the death, the conditions of the absolution are thereby fulfilled, and the Holländer's years of wandering at an end. At the concluding tableau, Senta and the Fliegender Holländer are seen hand in hand in the realms of happiness. The music is more intelligible at a first hearing than that of either of Wagner's other operas, there being a flow of melody throughout the whole work of such a nature as to justify its being called "popular," if such a term may be applied to any composition of the new German school. Of this, however, in a future letter, the present having already exceeded the usual limits of your "foreign correspondence."

THE OPERA COMIQUE.

ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

DALAYRAC.

(Continued from page 721.)

IN 1785 he set to music a comedy by Desfontaines, *L'Amant Statue*, for the continuation of the *début* of Mlle. Renault, a singer who had recently shone at the Opéra Comique.

L'Amant Statue appeared for the first time on the 1st of August. Three months after, on the 21st of November, he produced *La Dot*, which supplied Mad. Dugazon with one of her best parts, that of Colette. These two scores possessed the same characteristics as their elder sisters, grace and facility of melody. The composer was on the eve of his first great success, *Nina*; or, *la Folle par Amour*, an opera in one act, written by Marsollier. The subject of this piece was the true story of a young Swiss girl, and the authors feared that the attempt to introduce a mad person on the stage might be regarded as too old. They tried their work first at the house of the celebrated Guimard, before an audience of friends, who warmly applauded it. *Nina* was produced at the Comédie Italienne on the 15th of May, 1786, and received with so much favour that it ran for more than one hundred nights consecutively. No such enthusiasm had been created since *Le Déserteur* and *Richard*. Mad. Dugazon interpreted the principal part with so much feeling that a critic of the time declared that "M. Desvivières (Marsollier, then an amateur writer) had supplied the words, M. Dalayrac the music, but that Mad. Dugazon had made the piece." The accompaniments in *Nina* were more carefully written than in those of any preceding work of the composers. Moreover, there are several remarkable pieces in this score; the chorus, for example, "Pendant le sommeil," and the romanza,—

"Quand le bien-aimé reviendra."

Though this score may not be equal to the *Nina* of Paisiello, the colouring is more true, and this is a quality which, I repeat it, ranks first with the French public.

In the following year (1787) Dalayrac with his collaborator Lachabeaussière produced a piece which was performed, in the first place, at Fontainebleau, under the title of *Le Nouveau Robinson*, but met with no success, on account of the feebleness of the libretto. It was remodelled, and reappeared with better fortune

at Paris, under the title of *Azemia; ou, les Sauvages*. Among the meritorious pieces in this opera is a chorus of sailors,

"Aussitôt que je t'aperçois."

The same year Dalayrac wrote *Rénaud d'Ast*, the romanza in which—

"Vous qui d'amoureuse aventure,"

has become the national air.

"Veillons au salut de l'Empire."

On the fourteenth day of May, 1788, Dalayrac brought out *Sargines; ou, l'Education de l'Amour*, a drama in four acts, the words of which were by Monvel.* The work succeeded; the duet between *Iselle* and *Isidore*, the "reading lesson," and *Sophie's* air, were particularly remarked in it.

The following year (1789) two operas appeared of very different characters. The first, *Les Deux petits Savoyards*, played the 4th of January, was distinguished by the usual characteristics of Dalayrac, grace and natural simplicity. The two principal parts were played with great archness by Mad. St. Aubin and Mlle. Rénault. The author of the words was Marsollier. The second opera, *Raoul de Créqui*, in three acts, by Monvel, played for the first time October 31st, is more dramatic, and treated in a broader style. Several concerted pieces in it deserve mention, and especially a trio which evidences the efforts Dalayrac was making, to rise above the original simplicity of this style of composition. As I before said, he had a remarkable aptitude for following the progress which musical composition was making from day to day in France. He sought to give more body to his harmony without however at any time neglecting the melodic portion, which he knew was the brightest jewel in his crown. The public constantly rewarded his efforts; for Dalayrac's productions were almost all successful throughout his career. The year 1790 was not however, a fortunate one for him.

Fanchette had appeared before the close of 1789, a little piece which did not greatly add to his glory. However, 1790 witnessed the birth of *La Soirée orageuse*, a charming one-act, but which was followed by, first, *Le Chêne patriotique*, a *pièce de circonstance*, played on 10th of July, of which Monvel had concocted the words, and which, like all works of this class, had but a short existence; next *Vert Vert*, a one-act by Desfontaines, which lived the brief span allotted to the most decided of failures—one single evening. The first and last performance of *Vert Vert* took place October the 11th. Dalayrac had in his overture wedded the phrases of the canticle "O filii et filiae," with the song

"Quand je bois du vin clair,
Tout tourne au cabaret."

It was the occasion of the following quatrain—

"Dans la révolution,
Tout tourne;
Le gout tourne tout de bon;
Le dos à la raison."

In this same year, 1790, Dalayrac lost his father. He set out for Muret to console himself by consoling his mother. When he discovered that he was left sole heir to his father's fortune, his noble heart refused to accept the bequest, and he cancelled the will. As he could live by his profession, Dalayrac resigned the fortune which had come to him to his younger brother, less fortunate than himself. Such actions speak for themselves.

He returned to Paris by Marseilles and Lyons, and received triumphant greetings in all the provincial towns which he stopped at, and whose theatres were supported by his works.

In 1791 he had two great successes, *Philippe, et Georgette*, and

* Boulet de Monvel, born at Lunéville in 1745, died in Paris in 1811. He commenced his career as an actor, at the Comédie Française, in 1770, and was afterwards, to quote the words of Grimm, "reader to his Majesty the King of Sweden, then gloriously interred in the mortuary notices of the newspapers, then married, then a traveller." After wandering from theatre to theatre in the provinces, he reappeared, to the great astonishment of the capital, on the stage of the *Variétés Amusantes*, where, in spite of his physical deficiencies, he never played without the greatest success.

Camille ou le Souterrain, which seems to me to be his masterpiece. Every piece in this score might be mentioned, beginning with the overture, which I consider as the first interesting and well-written overture ever played at the Opéra Comique since the creation of this particular style. After the air sung by Marcelin, "*Joli minois*," comes the charming trio, "*Une grosse cloche*," the best piece in the opera. I may also mention Alberti's energetic and impassioned air, "*Amour, vengeance*;" the rondo, which has become a popular air,

"Notre meunier chargé d'argent;"

the *finale* of the first act, the duet between Camille and Alberti, "*Non, non, jamais!*" and the air by Camille, "*Heureux moment*."

At the close of 1791 Dalayrac produced *Agnès et Hortense*. This year, 1791, however, had not been favourable to him in other respects, for it was signalled by two losses greatly differing in character. The most cruel was that occasioned by the death of his beloved mother, who in childhood and in his youth had soothed his grief, when his father so harshly opposed his devotion to his cherished art. The second was the loss of his savings, 40,000 francs, constituting his entire fortune, which he had placed in the hands of a banker who failed. Fortunately his dramatic toils, and the success which attended them, diverted him from his sorrows, and in some measure consoled him.

It may now be brought to the reader's notice, that, although Dalayrac's former title of *Garde du Corps* exposed him to the constant danger of arrest, he would never consent to leave the country. If the year 1792 did not increase his fame by the production of the two operas, *Elise et Hortense* and *L'Actrice chez Elle*, on the other hand he married a lady who made him happy for life.

Dalayrac wrote with incredible facility, and allowed no year to pass without producing one or more works, and hence the catalogue of his works comprises fifty-four operas. In 1793 he produced *Ambroise; ou, voilà ma Journée*, a sentimental piece; *Romeo et Juliette*, a score in which many happy inspirations may be found; *Urgande et Merlin*, and *la Prise de Toulon*, a *pièce de circonstance*. In 1794 he brought out *Adèle et Dorsan*, an opera in which the duet, "*Que sa voix à pour moi de charmes*" must be mentioned. In 1795 *Arnill, Marianne*, and *La pauvre Femme* appeared, three pieces distinguished by no especial merit; in 1796 *La Famille Américaine*; in 1797 *Gulnare*, one of Dalayrac's best, and *La Maison isolée*. In 1798 *Primerose, Alexis; ou, l'Erreur d'un bon Père*; *Le Château de Montenero* and *Les Deux Mots* appeared.

Le Château de Montenero is one of Dalayrac's finest scores. The following pieces deserve especial mention: the air, "*Il faut me dévouer*;" the duet, "*Que je quitte ces lieux*;" and the trio, "*Doux moment*."

In 1799, our composer produced *Adolphe et Clara*, which still keeps the stage with its pretty overture; then *Laure* and *La Léon*. In 1800, *Catinat*, *Le Rocher de Leucade* and *Maison à vendre* appeared. Al. Duval was the author of the libretto in one act last mentioned. Of all Dalayrac's works it is that most frequently played in the present day. The origin of this piece is somewhat curious. Duval had gone to spend some time in the country at the house of Mad. Gay. He had introduced there Della Maria, a composer, whom I shall presently speak of, and, as he was walking with him in the village, he saw written upon a board—*Maison à vendre*. This simple title suggested to him the subject of a comic opera, which he wrote, intending it for Della Maria, but as he was proceeding with the work the individual for whom it was destined died. Dalayrac called upon Duval in order to agree with him as to an obituary notice on Della Maria. This proceeding touched Duval's heart, and he spoke to Dalayrac about the subject of the piece, which he eventually promised him. Duval, however, could not bring himself to finish for another man a libretto which he had commenced for a friend whose death he mourned.

The means employed by Dalayrac to force in some sort Duval to finish *Maison à vendre*, were as follows:—He invited him to his country house, and after having pointed out to him the room he was to inhabit, he literally shut him up there. Mad. Dalayrac brought him his breakfast the next morning, and announced that she had received orders not to let him go out until the libretto was finished. Duval at first exhibited some ill-humour, and attempted to jump out of the window; but, reflecting after a few moments that this

joke, which might be tolerated as between men of wit, could only end to the profit of both poet and musician, he set to work, and in the evening, when they came to fetch him to dinner, it was with difficulty he could be brought away from his work, so swimmingly was it proceeding. When completed, he considered it so good that he regretted he had not destined it for the Théâtre Français. "However," he says in his preface, "Dalayrac was a man of much intelligence; he felt that the plot was sufficiently strong to dispense with music, and he placed his pieces in those situations, where they could not retard the action."

Such were the relations between poet and musician at the close of the eighteenth century. It is, perhaps, to be regretted, for the sake of musical art, that our contemporary librettists but too often give composers comedies, the plots of which have nothing in them strongly interesting, libretti, in a word, which could not dispense with the assistance of music. Among the pieces worthy of mention in *Maison à vendre*, I will call to mind the duet—

"Depuis longtemps j'ai le désir."

The following is a list of Dalayrac's last works:—In 1801, *La Boucle de Cheveux*, *La Tour de Wenstadt*. In 1803, *Picaros et Diégo*, in which is the pretty duet, "Elle était donc bien séduisante," and the still more celebrated one, "Ecoute-moi, je t'en supplie." In 1804, *Une Heure de Mariage*, a charming score, in which must be mentioned another duet, "Mes chers amis n'oublions rien," and the quintet, "Quel trouble." The same year he also produced *La jeune Prude*. In 1805, *Gulistan*, a score, in which occurs the well-known air, "Cent esclaves ornent ce superbe festin." In 1807, *Koulouf; ou, les Chinois*. In 1808, *Lina; ou, le Mystère*. In 1809, *Le Poète et le Musicien*, his last opera, not produced till 1811, after his death, and preferred by him to all his other works. Authors, especially those who have run a long career, always show a marked predilection for their latest works. This judgment is, however, rarely confirmed by the public.

Dalayrac had been decorated with the Order of the Legion of Honour shortly after the creation of this order, and it was in order to justify this distinction, with which he was much flattered, that he had set himself to work. The poem of this work was by Duputréy. The first performance was to have taken place in the presence of Napoleon I., but the illness of Martin (a renowned singer, of whom I shall shortly speak in detail, as also of his comrade Elievieu) retarded the rehearsals.

Napoleon was at this time making preparations for a journey to Spain. Dalayrac, finding that Martin was indeed seriously ill, and that the departure of Napoleon would undoubtedly take place before his recovery, was so cruelly disappointed, that on his return home he was seized with a nervous fever, which settled upon the brain. He sang constantly during his delirium, breathing out, like the fabled swan, his last sigh in a strain of plaintive music on the 27th of November, 1809. His ashes were deposited in his garden at Fontenay-sous-Bois. Marsollier, his usual collaborator and faithful friend, pronounced a touching oration over his tomb.

Dalayrac had written for the opera a one-act, *Le Pavillon du Calife* (1804), which was subsequently arranged as an opéra comique, and produced under that form in 1822. I shall conclude this biography with these few lines from M. Adolphe Adams' book, *Derniers Souvenirs d'un Musicien*, which aptly describes the relation existing between the works of Grétry and those of Dalayrac:—

"Grétry was a great musician, who had learned his art badly, but had guessed at a great deal. He was born a harmonist; his modulations, though badly contrived, are unexpected, and often piquant; his accompaniments are thin and awkward, but are full of intention, and some of the effects aimed at are realised. One feels that he owed all to his genius, and that it is only because he was deficient in science that he was unable to execute all that was present in his mind. Dalayrac is little of a musician; he knows about as much as he requires to know to execute his conception. He never sought to do more than he actually did, and had he possessed all the musical science which a sound course of study can impart, he would only have produced works written with more purity, but his thought would not have taken a wider range nor a higher flight. The instinct of combination and of interesting detail was entirely wanting in him, whereas Grétry possessed it to a very great degree."

I will add to these reflections of the composer of *Le Chalet* a few

words as to the immense difference between the characters of these two men. Grétry, as I said in a preceding passage, cared not to hear any other than his own music; he was painfully affected even by the success of young writers. Dalayrac, on the contrary, was pleased to see the pieces of his fellow-composers succeed. He was not content to congratulate them, but published their praises in the journals of the day. Always holding his purse at the service of those who were more in want than himself, he was seen to work with ardour in order to repair the breaches which his infinite charity made in his means.

A close observer will sometimes discover the man in his works. We find in Mozart phrases of soft melody in which the heart of that great genius was reflected. We discover in Beethoven, especially in his later works, where he laid bare his soul, the expression of a disgust for life, of bitterness at immense efforts slighted, and we detect, besides, the trace of the unhappy love which poisoned the life of this great man. In the melodies of Dalayrac I fancy I recognise that ingenuity, that gentleness, that goodness, which caused him to be cherished by all who knew him, and which inspired the artists of the Opéra Comique with the idea of erecting in the foyer of their theatre a bust of him due to the chisel of Cartellier, and to engrave on its pedestal—à notre bon ami DALAYRAC.

BERLIN.—The Italian Opera Company of the Victoria Theatre commenced their season on Thursday last with the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. The audience, composed of the most distinguished persons in Berlin (the Court included) appeared glad of an opportunity of giving a warm welcome to their favourite artistes of last winter, and when Mlle. Désirée Artôt made her appearance (the most celebrated Rosina that Berlin has ever seen—and our adopted child of last season) the enthusiasm was immense, and she was greeted with a perfect shower of bouquets. The representation was perfect in every respect, for all engaged sang and played as if they were sure of the utter impossibility of the least mistake. It was a brilliant firework of musical art and fascinating comedy from beginning to end. A still greater triumph awaited Mlle. Artôt on Saturday evening in the part of Adalgisa in *Norma*. A new singer, Mlle. de Vries, made her *début* in the part of Norma, but she neither distinguished herself by her singing nor acting. Never would we have believed that the modest and retiring Adalgisa, whom we have always looked upon as a secondary part, could, by true genius, have been made the centre of attraction of the whole opera. The noble simplicity of her costume, without the least ornament, was most striking upon her first entrance upon the stage; each sound of her voice was blended with the deepest feeling; all was soul and expression!—the anguish of heart of the loving Adalgisa, her bursts of joy, all was so true, so impassioned, that every musical phrase received a profound signification. The spirit of poetry seemed to have inspired Adalgisa, a refined and pure glow of love animated her. We cannot speak separately of her singing and acting, all was inspiration, and therefore perfection. Only natures gifted with the highest genius can succeed in imparting so entirely new an aspect and charm to a part one has so often seen with indifference; and the consequence was that Norma was annihilated by her. The young artiste has proved that she is as sublime in tragedy as she is fascinating in comedy. Since Viardot and Jenny Lind, we have never heard a voice so plaintive—"weep so." Why does not Mlle. Artôt appear without delay in the part of Desdemona in *Otello*? No instrument is so noble as the human voice, when each sound of it is a manifestation of a soul that soars up with angel's wings above all earthly incumbrance.

[The foregoing is a more or less literal translation of an article from the pen of one "Kossak," who writes in the *Berlin Montags-Post*, and evidently regards Mlle. Artôt in the light of an *avis* rarer than the famous "black swan" itself—rare even as the non-existent phoenix. "Ab effectibus causas indagavit ratio"—as Shirley Brooks would say.—P.T.P.]

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Conductor—MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be had of
CHAPPELL & Co., 50 New Bond Street;
and the principal music publishers.

PROGRAMME of MAD. CLARA NOVELLO'S

FAREWELL CONCERT, at St. St. James's Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 21. Commence at 8. Part I. Overture, Anacreon, Cherubini; part song, "The Nightingale," Mendelssohn; aria, "Madamina il Catalogo" (Don Giovanni), Mozart, Mr. WEISS; grand scena, "Ocean, thou mighty Monster" (Oberon), Weber, Mad. CLARA NOVELLO; part song (for male voices), "Now the sun has mounted high" (Robin Hood), Macfarren. Part II. Undine, a Lyrical Legend, words by John Oxenford, composed by Jules Benedict—Undine, Mad. CLARA NOVELLO; Bertalda, Miss PALMER; Hildebrand, Mr. WILBYE COOPER; Kühleborn, Mr. WEISS. Overture: Chorus and bass solo, "Undine, Undine, sad without thee have we been," Mr. WEISS; recit. and song (with chorus of female voices), "Mark the waves that rippling play," Mad. CLARA NOVELLO; Terzetto, "Daughter of a wondrous race," Mad. CLARA NOVELLO, Messrs. WILBYE COOPER and WEISS; scena and aria, "From worldly cares," Mr. WILBYE COOPER; march, wedding chorus, "Hail to the noble pair;" air, "The baron's old castle," Miss PALMER; duettino, "Happy Day," Miss PALMER and Mr. WILBYE COOPER; quartet, "Love thee," Mad. CLARA NOVELLO, Miss PALMER, Messrs. WILBYE COOPER and WEISS; finale, scena and chorus, "Attend ye kindred spirits," Mr. WEISS; solo and chorus, "Leap on the bank," Mr. WEISS; solo, "Bright green earth, farewell," Mad. CLARA NOVELLO. Part III. Overture (Zanetta), Auber; song, Miss PALMER, "Swifter far than summer's flight" (J. W. Davison), recit. and cavatina—"Giunse alfin il momento," "Deh vieni non tardar" (Nozze di Figaro), Mozart, Mad. CLARA NOVELLO; part song (for female voices), "Sweet repose," Benedict, by 12 ladies of the Vocal Association; "Ave Maria," from the posthumous opera of Lorely, Mendelssohn, Mad. CLARA NOVELLO and Chorus of female voices; song, "The winds that wait my sighs to thee," Wallace, Mr. WILBYE COOPER; "God save the Queen; the solos by Mad. CLARA NOVELLO, Messrs. WILBYE COOPER and WEISS. The band and chorus will be complete and on a large scale, numbering upwards of 250 performers, including the choir of the Vocal Association. Conductor, M. BENEDICT. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony stalls, 7s. 6d. and 5s.; reserved seats, 6s.; balcony, 2s.; area and gallery, 2s.; book of words, 1s. each, to be had of Leader and Cook, 63 New Bond Street, corner of Brook Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T.

SMITH.—THIS EVENING (Saturday) will be repeated (17th time), Macfarren's highly successful English Opera of ROBIN HOOD. SIMS REEVES, SANTLEY, GEORGE HONEY, LEMMAIRE, and LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. Reduced scale of prices.—Pit Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; First Circle, 4s.; Second Circle, 3s.; Upper Box Circle Seats, 2s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Gallery 1s.; Gallery Side Stalls, 1s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 3s. Private Boxes: Upper Box, to hold four persons, 10s.; Private Box, third tier, to hold four persons, £1 1s.; second tier, to hold four persons, £1 11s. 6d.; Private Boxes, Pit, first and grand tiers, two, three, and four Guineas. The Box-office of the theatre open daily, from 10 till 5 o'clock, under the direction of Mr. Nugent. Acting Manager, Mr. Mapleson. Stage Manager, Mr. R. Roxby.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In reply to the

numerous applications, the subscribers, gentry, and the public are respectfully informed that Macfarren's new and highly successful opera of ROBIN HOOD will be repeated every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday until further notice. Early application at the Box-office to secure seats is recommended to prevent disappointment.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E.

T. SMITH.—Immense success of the new drama, "45," which has been received with the most enthusiastic approbation and rapturous applause by crowded and fashionable audiences.—Sixth Appearance of Messrs. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, J. L. TOOLE, PAUL BEDFORD, and Miss HENRIETTA SIMMS, in the new drama, by WATTS PHILLIPS, Esq., author of the "Dead Heart," &c.—THIS EVENING the new and successful drama by WATTS PHILLIPS, Esq., entitled A STORY OF THE "45," with scenery and effects by Mr. William Beverley. Principal characters by Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER (and company from the Adelphi Theatre), Messrs. J. L. TOOLE, PAUL BEDFORD, SPENCER, M'LEIN, BELFORD, DIXON, BARSBY, MATTHEWS, CORMACK, GLINDON, &c.; Miss HENRIETTA SIMMS, Miss H. HOWARD, Miss THIRLWALL, Miss CLYDE, Miss PALMER, Miss ROSE ELLERTON, &c. To conclude with the farce of YOU'RE ANOTHER. Messrs. C. MATTHEWS, ROXBURY, TILBURY, Miss HOWARD, and Mrs. DOWTON. Doors open at half-past 6; commence at 7 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 till 5 o'clock daily, where tickets and places may be obtained. Stage Manager, Mr. Robert Roxby. Notice:—A new Piece in rehearsal, and will be immediately produced, in which Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES MATTHEWS will appear.

To Correspondents.

MR. HENRY SMART.—Next week.

J. C. (Ipswich).—*Volontiers*.

J. D. (Norwich).—C. E. Stephen.

J. E. (Highgate).—*Bis dat*, &c.

PINGIT OVIDIUS (Caserta).—

"Proxima cognati dixere Charistia cari;

Et venit ad socios turba propinqua deos."

SCAZON.—"Apollinarem conveni meum Scazon," &c. (*Martialis Epigrammata*. "Ad Scazonta.")

MENECEPHES JUPITER.—"Le Philosophe est un animal de gloire. Le Philosophe est le plus fier et le plus superbe des animaux."

WEDGE.—The admirable article on Mr. Benedict's *Undine* was from the *Morning Post*.

Notice.

THE MUSICAL WORLD may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.

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TERMS { Three lines (about 30 words) 2s. 6d.
Every additional line (10 words) 6d.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

"EXCELLENCE in music is incompatible with high ability in political performance, and the whole arrangements of human business." How grand! Dr. Johnson—who was indifferent to music—might have thundered out such a sentence, between two dishes of tea, in the ears of the astonished "Bozzy," who would have hailed it as uncommon profound, and scratched it out on foolscap for posterity. On the other hand, Dr. Johnson, though he flopped about the Hebrides, was not quite a Scotchman,* and therefore unlikely to utter anything so dismally Caledonian and Scotchmistically oracular. Only a Scotchman could be guilty of such a dry and miserable piece of sophistry—only a Lowlander—a gaunt, unwieldy, cadaverous, snuff-taking, (Christopher-)north-bitten, brain-toddy'd Scotchman. Galt might have ventured, it, after his nineteenth tumbler; the author of the (preface to) our English Dictionary, and *The Lives of the Poets*, never.

And a Scotchman said it; a pure "Sandy" of that ilk, if we may believe our correspondent "Culvertail," who, in another page, throws down the glove, with knightly audacity—like a hardy "crupellarius," armed to the teeth in the invulnerable harness of truth—against all pedants and crump-footed croakers, to whose elongated ears the voice of harmony is distasteful, and who, with laborious dulness, construct

* Somebody (we don't remember who) complaining to Dr. Johnson that there was no good map of Scotland,—"No, Sir," retorted the ponderous pedagogue, "nor there never will be."—*Vide* "Boswell."

theories, which, by a tug here and a strain there, inevitably bring about the conclusion, that a mere musician is also of necessity a mere imbecile. "Culvertail" has valiantly protested; but he should have instanced further arguments to the point. Has the tuneless whisky-cask of "Auld Reekie" never heard mention of one Leonardo da Vinci? Has the Reid-ridden phlebotomist—to accommodate more easily the narrow limits of his probable acquirement—lost all memory of Henry VIII., who (cleverer than Themistocles) could play a tune, defy the Pope, and govern a realm, with equal aptitude and courage? Although unaddicted to cunctation, we must refrain just now from multiplying precedents—which *we could do*, readily, however stale and odible the theme; but surely it will not be maintained, even by one to whose ears the Scotch-fiddle is a symphony, to whose appetite Scotch-collops is a feast, and to whose taste for recreation Scotch-hoppers is a game of play; even by such an one, we iterate, it will surely not be maintained that Da Vinci was deficient in "high ability," or our oft-spliced Harry in "political performance and the arrangements of human business." Such infuscation as could possibly induce an inconcoction so triply inconcludent, we would not willingly lay to the charge even of a besotted adherent of Christopher North, or a bibulous worshipper at the shrine of the Ettrick Shepherd. The great Italian painter was also one of the greatest of Italian composers, and Henry VIII., like his daughter Elizabeth, a musician of eminent skill and attainments.

"Cum traheret Friscus, traheret certamina Verus."

But enough. This Scotchman must be a nyctalop; and the more daylight you throw on an argument, the dimmer will be his sense of vision. Nevertheless, were the whole tribe of Scotch metaphysicians, Scotch reviewers, and Scotch cultellators (the universal instrument of measurement being, of course, the Scotch intelligence) *stone-blind*, a musician—say a fiddler—would not, for all that, be, *quand même*, an ignoramus.

PETIPACE OF WINCHELSEA.

THE difficulty of obtaining a good libretto for music is acknowledged by all operatic writers in England. Why is this? Have we no poets, no dramatic writers who can versify, no concoctors of tales who can furnish subjects? Whatever the answer, there is no concealing the fact—we have no good librettists. No first-rate original book for an opera has ever been written by an Englishman. Why should the Italians and French be able to discover stories of the most thrilling interest—*Rigoletto*, *Huguenots*, *Masaniello*, *Sonnambulas*, &c.—and we have no plots at all? Is it that we possess less invention or less daring?—cannot fabricate or cannot steal so well? Signor Verdi has taken most of his subjects from French literature. How fortunate he has been, or how discriminating, we need not point out. But Mr. Balfe, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Macfarren have had the same opportunities as Signor Verdi. Why, then, should the Englishmen be behind Italians in judgment and ingenuity? Why should our composers be invariably foiled in their endeavour to hit upon some fitting legend or story, and foreigners almost always be blest with an interesting subject? Even when our librettists condescend to borrow from foreigners, and attempt anything beyond a literal translation, how poor and valueless the concoction seems compared with the original! Many recent essays of this kind will occur directly to the reader. Indeed, we incline to the belief that "invention" is not one of the qualities bestowed by Providence on modern English genius. Our constructive powers

are certainly inferior to those of our neighbours across Channel, and this, in reality, is our only excuse for constantly despoiling them of their dramas. Even when a happy subject for a libretto is presented, an English writer has not always the tact for working it out dramatically, and rendering it conformable to the requirements of music. No one would deny that Mr. George Soane, author of the book of the *Night Dancers*, was a clever and experienced writer, and yet how tamely and impotently he has adapted the very beautiful legend of the "Wilis," we need not insist. Anybody who has perused the book with the least care will agree with us. A brief description of the fable upon which the *Night Dancers* is founded, and the manner in which it is treated, will serve forcibly to illustrate our remarks:—

The "Wilis," according to an old German legend, are young girls betrothed, who die before the nuptial day. An irresistible passion for dancing afflicts them in the grave, to such an extent that at midnight they rise, clad in the semblance of their bridal trappings, jewels on their fingers, and wreaths of flowers on their heads, and perform a succession of mystic dances on the highway, until the approach of morning drives them back into their graves. Their beauty is so fascinating, that any one who comes within the influence of their attraction is forced involuntarily to join in their dance, and continue dancing until death ensues from exhaustion. Mr. Soane has ingeniously availed himself of the superstition, without resorting to supernatural machinery. But in avoiding Scylla he has fallen into Charybdis. To get rid of the "Wilis" in reality, thereby ignoring the legend (and the ballet), he refers their existence to a vision, but shows the vision without in the least accounting for it. A dream has a cause, and the cause of her dreaming was everything in the case of Giselle. Her dream has absolutely no reason, no origin, and consequently the plot loses all verisimilitude. It was natural for Giselle, the night before her wedding, to conjure up the image of her lover in her sleep; but that her imagination should have taken such an out-of-the-way step, and call up before her spectral forms with which she had never been made acquainted, exhibits an obliquity in dramatic construction amounting, to say the least, to extreme carelessness. Had Giselle, in the scene with her father and cousin simply been informed of the legend of the "Wilis," and had the story exerted a certain amount of interest in her mind, expressed in the fewest words, previously to her falling asleep, sufficient insight into coming events would have been conveyed to the minds of the spectators, and all that followed have been brought within the bounds of dramatic credibility. As it is, when Bertha and the Duke come on the scene, with Albert dressed as the Prince, those who are not familiar with the book are sorely puzzled with all that is going forward, and never imagine that it is Giselle's somnolent fancies they are witnessing. It is to be lamented, in the case of the *Night Dancers*—the libretto of which has really something to commend it—that the author should have overlooked so important a point in the construction of his plot. As it stands now, the book is well nigh incomprehensible, and adds another to the long catalogue of incomplete English poems written for music, of which *Robin Hood*, and one or two other librettos of worth, constitute the sole exceptions.

RUY BLAS.—Mr. Howard Glover is writing an opera to a book founded on the subject of this celebrated drama, and supplied by a well-known hand. The story is admirably suited to the purposes of the operatic stage; and few would be likely to treat it more congenially than Mr. Glover.

Letter to the Editor.

MERE MUSICIANS.

Sir,—I think it must have been through inadvertence that you inserted, some time ago, a paragraph from the *Scotsman*, under the above head. It is not surprising that in a country which never produced a real musician,—a composer—or even a great performer, and in which the only instrumental music known is a reel, strathspey, or some other contemptible dance tune, and in which the only sacred music recognised is a dreary psalm tune, drawled out in the puritanical nasal twang of a vulgar precentor, that low notions should prevail as to those whom Scotchmen designate as “mere musicians.”

The animus of the paragraph is sufficiently evident, but it is very clumsily worded. Take the last member of the sentence by itself literally, and of course its truth is self-evident: “A mere musician” (meaning by this a mere fiddler or bag-piper, I suppose), “was never known to excel in aught but the gamut.” But we may make the same assertion with respect to the other artistic pursuits named: a “mere” painter excels in nothing but his palette and brush, and so forth. When, however, the writer states by implication that excellence in music is incompatible “with high ability in political performance and the whole arrangement of human business,” he makes an assertion which is grossly false, and which proves that he is totally ignorant of the matter on which he rashly ventures an opinion. I might begin with King David, King Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and the Emperor Charles V., who were all excellent musicians. These were not “mere musicians” it will be said: but the following were, and for the benefit of the paragraph-monger I will place after each name in what direction besides music each one distinguished himself:—W. Jackson, organist of Exeter Cathedral, author of several literary works, and a good landscape painter; Marcellino, a member of the council of Forty, *Provveditore* of Pola, and treasurer of Brescia; Merbecke, author of the first concordance of the Bible; Steffani, chapel-master to the Elector of Hanover, maintained a high position as a scholar and statesman—the science of music, philosophy and polite letters, politics and public business were equally familiar to his practice and expanded abilities; Mattheson, organist and chapel-master of the Cathedral at Hamburg, was a composer of operas and church-music, author of treatises on longitude, and “resident” in charge of English affairs in Lower Saxony; Philidor, eminent as a composer of music and as a chess player; Herschel, organist, and subsequently a celebrated astronomer. This list might be extended indefinitely, but I think I have, by these few examples taken at random, shown that musical excellence is not only not incompatible with high ability in other respects, but that it is frequently associated with large attainments in politics, literature, art, and science.

¶ I would have this Scotchman know that music is a science as well as an art, though practised as neither in his country; and I would tell him in the words of a gentleman well qualified to speak on the subject, that—

“The labours of the poet, the sculptor, the painter, the architect, the musician, are but exemplifications of like talent, and demonstrations of similar intellectual power. Yet this is a truth to which many will give only a partial assent. They assign a subordinate rank not only to the labours of a single artist, but to an entire region of art which they have never happened to study, and to which they are therefore unable to apply the test of criticism. It was said by a competent judge, that Purcell is as much the pride of England as Shakespeare, Milton, or

Newton. This assertion such persons would doubt, if not disbelieve; they would wonder to see a musician thus associated; but their wonder would cease if they were able to read and understand what he wrote. They would then discern the same self-sustained power, the same creative fancy, the same bright and original thought, the same intellectual vigour in his productions as in those of poet or philosopher.”

Hoping to see no more sneers about “mere musicians,” I remain, sir, yours truly,

CULVERTAIL.

Mutton Island, Channel Chops, Nov. 5th.

The Operas.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—One line may chronicle the doings of the English Opera during the two weeks past. The success of *Robin Hood* continues unabated. It will take three lines, however, to chronicle the doings of the Italian Opera in the same space of time, although nothing absolutely new has been adventured. The week before last *Il Trovatore*, *Don Giovanni*, and the *Huguenots* were given on alternate nights with *Robin Hood*; but the success of Verdi, Mozart, and Meyerbeer has in no way lessened the attraction of Mr. Macfarren. English dramatic music is at present decidedly in the ascendant. The prospects of “National Opera” never looked so flourishing. The success of *Robin Hood* is a warrant for that. There is just now no hint about what is to succeed Mr. Macfarren's opera. Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch*, we hear, is not yet ready, and should a new work be required at this side of Christmas, Mr. Frank Mori's *Bride of Florence* has, we believe, the best chance. The first operatic essay of the composer of *Fridolin*, and some of the most popular songs of the day, will be looked forward to with interest.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The revival of Mr. Loder's *Night Dancers* was a good idea, and deserved even more pains than the management has thought proper to bestow upon it. Its first performance on Saturday night drew together an audience, among whom were remarked a more than ordinary number of professors and amateurs. Mr. Loder, however, stands high in the estimation of the musical world, and the *Night Dancers* has always been considered his best work for the theatre. That it can stand the test of time was satisfactorily established on the present occasion, when its reception was quite as warm as on that of its first representation at the Princess's Theatre (Oct. 28, 1846), under the direction of Mr. Maddox, whose spirit and discrimination in producing some of the best English operas—instance, besides the one under notice, Mr. Balfe's *Castle of Aymon*, and Mr. Macfarren's *Charles II.*—have, perhaps, hardly been required by a fair meed of acknowledgment. Not only were the more directly popular pieces—such as the light and brilliant overture (cymbals and side-drum, notwithstanding); the graceful serenade of Albert, “Wake, my love, all life is stirring;” the duet for Giselle and Albert, “He loves me—loves me not” (subject from the overture), so charmingly felt and exquisitely dialogued, which makes part of the first finale and illustrates the most poetical incident of Goethe's *Faust*, that of Margaret testing her lover's sincerity by the leaves of the divining flower; the duet for Albert and Bertha at the tomb of Giselle, “Peace to the dead,” no less expressive and melodious in another style; the trio, “The Willis of the night,” one of the most fairylike passages in that scene of the second act which describes the moonlight revels of the night-dancers, &c.,—not only were these welcomed with enthusiasm, but unfeigned approval was elicited for the more serious portions of the opera, to which Mr. Loder owes his reputation as a dramatic composer, and which, in a great measure, combined with similar exhibitions of fancy and ingenious workmanship, have helped to win for him a title as difficult to support as it is honourable to possess—viz. that of “the English Auber.” The legend of Mary, “Two suitors came,” and the first song of Godfrey, “Laugh, my girls” (despite the triangle), were admired as before for their piquancy; but the serenade on the lake (sung behind the scenes), “Pull, brothers, pull,” where the tenor solo is so pleasantly contrasted with the chorus of the boatmen—a piece which Auber might have signed—created a still more genuine musical sensation. Giselle's lively solo, “Wild is the spirit that fills me now” (again despite the triangle), a well-devised episode in the foregoing, and the symphony accompanying her half-whispered accents, as echoing in broken rhythm the last words of the serenade, the future Will gradually sinks to sleep, the curtain falling as the music dies away revived some truly agreeable impressions. This is the end of what Mr

Soane, author of the book, has termed "Induction," and which he might more significantly, perhaps, if less pedantically, have styled Introduction. The chorus of vintagers, "Welcome, neighbours," has lost none of its freshly Auberish sparkle; the scene of Giselle's dream, one of the most extended and best imagined of the solo pieces, as little of its romantic character and felicitous orchestral colouring. The prettiness of Albert's song, "I cannot flatter if I would," an unaffected, and therefore not maudlin drawing-room ballad (*rara avis*), has in no wise faded. Better still, the admirable concerted piece, in which the disturbed elements of Giselle's vision—the spectral "Duke of Silesia," his spectral daughter Bertha, and his imaginary head-ranger Wilfrid are first presented—including, among other excellent things, Bertha's solo, "Our way has been both rough and long," and the capably written sestet, "Will't please you stay?" preserves its musical and dramatic interest unimpaired. The huntsmen's chorus, too, "Here's a health to the forester good," if not by any means so stirring as that of Weber in *Der Freischütz*, must still be extolled for its vigour. Lastly, the finale to Act I.—a concerted piece of large proportions and ambitious texture, which opens with a solo for Fridolin, the beadle, conceived in the very spirit of Auber, and accomplished with all the finished neatness of that consummate French musician (who even might not have disdained the reminiscence from Bertha's little song in the *Barbieri*); which contains the duet already praised ("He loves me—loves me not"); a bacchanalian chorus, "Hail to our vintage Queen," fully bearing out its title; a "Silesian peasant's dance," and a "Silesian waltz," in the way of ballet music, which, if here and there rather emulating the manner of Auber than strictly fashioned on the Silesian type (touching the precise nature of which authorities may differ, without meeting a tribunal competent to decide), are as lively and rhythmically accentuated as the most energetic dancer could wish; a grave and impressive chorus of monks, "Holy waters o'er thee sprinkling;" a variety of ingenious incidental music, choral, concerted, solo, instrumental, as the situation may require, and a short "coda" (tail-piece?), full of life, in which these secular personages join in the monkish strain, doubling, as it were, the force of the ecclesiastical four-part harmony, the whole constituting a scene of varied and strong excitement, though of unequal power, a scene in which, while the skilful arrangement of materials is at times more noticeable than the intrinsic worth of the materials themselves, the scenic "movement" is sustained so well, that the attention rarely flags—this finale proved quite as attractive as formerly, and was listened to from end to end with interest, the curtain descending a second time amid unanimous and well-merited applause. The last act, as when the opera first came out, was unanimously voted the most perfect. Nor can there, we think, be a question about its superiority. The opening scene at the tomb of Giselle contains the duet for Albert and Bertha, already lauded; a quintet, with chorus, "Ah, sure sweet maid," which, as a clever example of vocal part-writing, may rank with the sestet in the preceding act; a characteristic air, with chorus, "He who lingers here when the phantoms rise," the instrumentation of which recalls the Witch's song in Auber's *Gustave*; and a song for Albert, "Wake from thy grave, Giselle," another example of sentiment not overstrained and consequently sympathetic. All these were heard with renewed pleasure by those who remembered them, and with not less satisfaction by those who did not; although—well as it was given—the song of Albert hardly revived the strong impression it used invariably to create when sung by Mr. Allen at the Princess's Theatre. The "tableau" which immediately follows—that where Giselle becomes a Will, and joins in the gambols of the night-dancers, where Fridolin, enticed by the charms of these seductive spirits, is lured to his destruction; and where, just as Albert is equally on the point of being sacrificed, the day dawns, the Willis vanish. Giselle awakes from her dream, and the scene slowly changing to that of her own chamber, where, scarcely quit of the *simulacra* that took so powerful a hold of her dormant senses, she kneels before the image of the Virgin, and utters her morning prayer (an "Ave Maria," as fresh as anything that precedes it)—is one of those lucky inspirations, marshalled into shape by unerring art, to which criticism has nothing to say, or which, at most, it must dismiss with an unqualified "Well done!" The chorusses and dances of the Willis, the air of Giselle, "What new delightful being," after her metamorphosis, "Pretty Spirits" (theme from the overture), Fridolin's exhortation to his supernatural tormentors, and Giselle's apostrophe to Albert at the end, are all so good, so thoroughly to the purpose, and knit together into so effective a whole, that to select passages for preference would be a task alike difficult and thankless. From the moment the night dancers are first beheld, to the moment when they vanish at the approach of the morning, the music is in an artistic sense irreproachable as it is genial, picturesque, and charming. This was the general verdict long ago, and it received a triumphant confirmation on Saturday night. It were to be desired that the opera finished with the "Ave Maria," or, at any rate, with something more

worthy of the rest than the tame "bravura" (with chorus), in which the now happy Giselle gives vent to her emotions.

That Mr. Loder is a disciple of Auber, it would be absurd to deny; but "tel maître tel élève" aptly applies in this instance. Such disciples are unfortunately rare. In every particular Mr. Loder worthily emulates the admirable model of his predilection. In his handling of the orchestra, indeed, he can scarcely be pronounced Auber's inferior. Few living composers excel our countryman in this especial department. He knows the character and resources of every instrument, and his combinations are as rich and varied as they are ingenious; with him there is no experiment, being as certain of the effect he intends as though the orchestra was but a single instrument in his hands, and on which he had acquired the art of performing with invariable facility. His skill is declared unmistakably in the *Night Dancers*, and especially in the scene of the Willis, the music of which would do credit to any composer. Not to pursue this subject, however, it is pleasant to find the eulogies lavished, no more recently than 1846, thoroughly borne out by the result of fourteen years later, when, the popular taste for what is healthy and good in art having made such marked progress, a musician of earnest purpose as well as natural aptitude must address an audience at once more competent to judge and difficult to please. The *Night Dancers* was accepted now as it was accepted a long time since, with the favour rarely bestowed except on works of unquestionable merit. This in the case of Mr. Loder becomes a still greater source of satisfaction, as there is reason to believe that fortune has not dealt kindly by him; that for a very considerable period severe sickness has weighed him down, and wholly debarred him from the exercise of his calling; and that he never at any moment stood more absolutely in need of public indulgence and of the kind sympathy of his professional brethren. This may be stated without indiscretion as without reserve, inasmuch as it has already gone forth to the world, and been the theme of comment in musical circles. The composer of *Nourjahad*, the work which probably first set English musicians thinking about attempting something more and better than, with rare exceptions, they had hitherto done for the theatre; the composer of the "Sacred songs, dedicated to Sterndale Bennett;" of those genuine British effusions, "The Brave Old Oak" and "The Old House at Home;" and last, not least, of the opera of the *Night Dancers*, the merits of which have been so warmly and unanimously admitted, has claims to consideration not to be denied by those who take delight in music, and acknowledge the beneficial influence of its general diffusion among the various classes of society.

The book of the *Night Dancers* has more than once been described, and it is not a very grateful task to describe it. Moreover, those who are uninitiated, if frequenters of the opera, are surely acquainted with the story of Giselle, which has been exhibited in so many forms since Carlotta Grisi first enchanted the admirers of the ballet in that most graceful and poetical (*Esmeralda* hardly excepted) of her assumptions, and the main incidents of which, so far as they are connected with the original legend, are also those of the *Night Dancers*. Enough that the "Willis" are supposed to be young affianced girls, who die on the eve of their appointed wedding. In the tomb they are seized with an irresistible passion for dancing, and at midnight, dressed as for the bridal, with jewels on their fingers and wreaths of flowers round their heads, perform a series of mystic saltatory evolutions until the approach of morning drives them back again to their graves. Although their features are rigid—

"And white with the whiteness of what is dead"—

they are endowed with a supernatural beauty, so fascinating that any one who comes under the influence of its attraction involuntarily joins them in the dance, and continues dancing until killed by sheer exhaustion. The author of the book of the *Night Dancers*, discarding the unearthly machinery, treats the incident of the Willis as a dream. Giselle, about to be married to Albert, her fancy excited by these wild and romantic stories, imagines in her sleep a succession of events that in the sequel bring herself to the condition of a Will, and her lover to that of one of her victims. She awakes, however, and "there's an end." The incidents of the dream are obscurely shadowed forth, and the "pourquoi" of one or two of the situations hard to explain; but they have inspired music which will in all probability preserve them from oblivion, and on that account may lay claim to a certain amount of respect. The "comic" business, however might advantageously be curtailed even now—especially the humours of the beadle Fridolin, with his "Pontificabus," his "coram populo," his "proofs logistic and syllogistic"—which, logically (logistically?) or syllogistically, can be shown to be by no means as racy as that of Mr. Bumble.

A few words about the performance and we have done. The instrumental and choral music of Mr. Loder is well calculated to exhibit the universally recognised talent of the Covent Garden performers; nevertheless, the execution left something to desire, which no one knows

better than Mr. Alfred Mellon, while no one is better able to ensure the requisite efficiency. Indeed, at intervals the effect was rather that of a "dress rehearsal" than of a public representation. Mad. Palmieri, to whom was allotted the trying part of Giselle, was evidently indisposed, and this prevented her from doing either herself or the composer justice. Occasionally—as in the duet with Albert, "He loves me—loves me not," and in one or two other places—she sang extremely well, charmingly in short. She must endeavour, nevertheless, to make the living Giselle a little more sprightly than the phantom "Wili," or she may as well be a ghost from the first scene to the last. The little part of Mary was prettily looked, prettily acted, and very prettily sung by the clever and always progressing Miss Thirlwall, who should become the "very pearl" of vocal soubrettes. Miss Leffler, too, was all that could be wished as Bertha; while the three principal Wilis found careful representatives in Misses Albertazzi, Leng, and Mary Huddart, the first-named demanding a word of praise apart. The trio in the last act was one of the best executed of the concerted pieces, and created a lively impression on the audience; but the reception was by no means as satisfactory as the first attempt. The men's characters were thus distributed:—Albert, Mr. Haigh; Godfrey, Mr. T. Distin; Duke, Mr. G. Kelly; Fridolin, Mr. Corri; Wilfrid, Mr. Lyall. Mr. Corri is clever, painstaking, and ambitious of applause (of which, by the way, he obtained a volley, in the scene where the Wilis compel the beadle to dance); but, his humour not being spontaneous, he should be careful not to overact his part. With such an ungrateful voice as he possesses he gets wonderfully well through the music, which, nevertheless, he is not obliged to sing eternally "staccato." Mr. Haigh has advanced another step. About the agreeable quality of this gentleman's voice it is unnecessary to repeat what was said a short time since; but we have much pleasure in recording that he is acquiring a command over it which he never boasted, or at least never evinced till recently. The music of Albert lies somewhat high (it was written for Mr. Allen); and this, if we remember rightly, necessitated the transposition of one of the songs. It is melodious, however, in almost every instance; and Mr. Haigh gave frequent evidence of an expression at once graceful and subdued, of a feeling for well-balanced phrasing, which is indispensable to perfect vocalisation, and of other good qualities that warrant us in hoping that, adopting "Excelsior" for his motto, he may continue to progress. That he stands well in the graces of the public was shown by the warm manifestations of approval he continually elicited.

In repeating that the opera was favourably received from first to last, we may add that among the incidents subsequent to the fall of the curtain was the appearance before the footlights of Mr. Loder, who, in obedience to a loud and unanimous summons, was led forward by Mr. Harrison, the manager. The *Night Dancers* has been given every evening during the week. The houses have been generally good; but the best was on Thursday, when the performance was for the benefit of Mr. Loder.

The Theatres.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday, a new drama by Mr. Watts Phillips, entitled *A Story of the '45*, was brought out under circumstances more than ordinarily advantageous. Mr. Benjamin Webster, the lessee of the Adelphi, intrusting the fortunes of his own house to the still potent attraction of the *Colleen Bawn*, in which he does not play, had come over to "Old Drury" to sustain the principal character, and had brought Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Paul Bedford, and Miss Henrietta Sims in his train, so that there was the remarkable phenomenon of a Drury-lane piece acted almost by an Adelphi company. The heartiness with which the new comers were welcomed easily expanded into a disposition to hear the drama with marked favour, and the author was still further assisted by some of those scenic effects which are especially adapted to a large stage. A view of the Thames by moonlight, with a remarkably clever imitation of swiftly flying clouds, caused a well-merited cry for "Beverley," to which the inimitable scene-painter replied by a prompt appearance in front of his work. Hogarth's two pictures, the "March to Finchley," and "England," reproduced in living tableaux, had, moreover, a lively and exhilarating effect. The hero of the piece is Sir Andrew Silverton (Mr. Webster), a gentleman who during the period of his youth has been engaged in some of the earlier Jacobite plots, but who in the '45 has sufficiently reformed his politics to become a secret agent in the employ of the Government. Against Sir William Ashford (Mr.

Spencer), a Jacobite gentleman, he harbours a deep resentment on account of certain wrongs committed long before the commencement of the drama, but he smothers his hatred, under a show of sincere friendship, wearing the mask of a laughing philosopher, while he is searching for proofs that may bring Sir William to the scaffold, his accomplice in the dishonourable work being Enoch Flicker (Mr. Toole), Sir William's steward, an agent like himself in the service of Walpole. One night, however, Isabel Ashford (Miss H. Sims), observing the entrance of an intruder into her father's garden, ascends the pedestal once occupied by a statue, and sees a man in a mask enter the house. Cyril Silverton (Mr. McLein), to whom she is secretly married, she despatches to stop the stranger's progress, and the young gentleman is greatly shocked to discover his own father in the capacity of a spy. On the following day an explanation takes place between Sir Andrew Silverton and his son, the former justifying at great length his hatred against Ashford, the latter confessing the secret of his marriage, and imploring his father to abandon his vindictive intentions. Touched by the situation of his son, Sir Andrew resolves not only to refrain from the persecution of Ashford, but also to rescue him from the clutches of Flicker, who has pilfered from his bureau a most compromising document. To effect this deliverance another personage is required, one Evan McIan (Mr. Bedford), a Highlander, who resides in London, partly because he is enamoured of Jessie McLeod (Miss Clyde), daughter of a wealthy cutler, partly because he desires to be revenged on an unknown individual who brought his father to the Grassmarket at Edinburgh. Evan in a jealous fit has contrived apparently to kill a gallant captain, who is his rival with Jessie, and though the seeming death was the result of a fair combat, there is no one to prove that it was anything but an assassination, except Sir Andrew, who witnessed the encounter, and has concealed Evan in his own house. Flicker, who also hopes to marry Jessie, and consequently to hang Evan, trusts that his friend Sir Andrew will not raise any inconvenient obstacle, and as it is he, moreover, who caused the death of Evan's father, the wild Highlander has a double reason for exterminating him, and listens with pleasure to Sir Andrew's proposal to place him where he can without difficulty send a bullet through his enemy's head. By a little mistake Sir Andrew is shot himself instead of Flicker, but does not die till he has burnt the document that imperils Sir William Ashford, and has heard a second report from Evan's musket, which assures him that Flicker is no more. As for the murdered captain, he is revived in time to marry Jessie.

Considered as a drama, without the accessories incident to its production at Drury Lane, this is by no means one of Mr. Phillips's best works. There are two scenes which become powerful through the fine acting of Mr. Webster, and Mr. Toole was, perhaps, never seen to such advantage as when he depicts the frantic rage of Flicker on perceiving the failure of his plans. But there is no character on which the interest of an audience can be concentrated, the striking situations are few and far between, and the action is constantly retarded by dialogue, which, evidently written with care, does not tell much with the general public. We are not sure that the pleasantest part of the work is not that in which the principal figure is a melodious recruiting sergeant, played by Mr. Paul Bedford, and the stage is enlivened by the squabbles between a Jacobite and a Hanoverian ballad-singer, respectively sustained by Miss Thirlwall and Miss Howard. In connection with these personages, who are wholly independent of the plot, occur the Hogarthian pictures, and the old-fashioned tunes judiciously selected by Mr. Tully; and it is more as the illustration of a period than as an interesting drama that the piece appeals to the public. The applause at the conclusion was unanimous.

LYCEUM.—An original drama was produced at this theatre on Monday evening with remarkable success. It is entitled, *Adrienne; or, The Secret of a Life*. The plot may be thus cursorily described. A rich French heiress (Adrienne) is staying at Rome, and is the object of the attentions of a young artist (Savignie), who is painting her portrait, and of a nondescript villain (De Grassac), who peremptorily demands her hand on the strength of a secret which he threatens to disclose, should she refuse him. A duel takes place between Savignie and De Grassac, in consequence of the free use made of the heroine's name by the latter

person, his motive for speaking slightly of the lady he expects to marry being, however, unexplained. At the conclusion of the duel, when the villain is seriously wounded, Adrienne appears on the scene, invited thither by her heartless admirer to decide her matrimonial fate. Observing her indecision, he is about to divulge the terrible secret to the ears of the heroic Savignic, whom Adrienne loves, when he is arrested in the fatal words by the unhappy heroine declaring herself his affianced wife. Thus the first act ends with the preservation of Adrienne's secret at the sacrifice of her heart.

In the next act the wounded man is being unwillingly but dutifully nursed by his betrothed in a "lonely chateau in France." Six months have elapsed since the duel, but De Grassac becomes worse every day. Aggravated by his prolonged sufferings, he suspects foul play, and despatches a bottle of his lotion for the examination of an eminent physician at a distance. A letter from this doctor, informing the patient that his lotion is an irritant poison, arrives just in time for the invalid to announce the startling fact to his servants, and to accuse Adrienne of his murder, before his death takes place, at the end of the second act.

In the third act the scene is in the mountains. The heroic artist Savignic, who, embittered at the loss of Adrienne, had enlisted as a soldier, now appears as a rapidly-advanced colonel at the head of his troops. Among his most painful duties is the order he receives to arrest the beautiful Adrienne, who had fled to the hills from the charge of poisoning De Grassac. The heroic officer, however, declines to perform his duty, and bids the lady fly. This she refuses to do, and is about to throw herself from a precipice, rather than involve the devoted colonel in a breach of duty, when there appears on the heights a faithful mulatto servant, belonging to Adrienne. He declares himself the murderer of De Grassac, and immediately afterwards springs into the chasm beneath. Adrienne is now free from the suspicion of murder, and is likewise relieved of the secret which had embittered her life, it having been just opportunely cleared up by a captive brigand. Always believing herself to be the natural daughter of her mother through a false marriage, she now learns that her mother had been accidentally married in a legitimate manner, and her honour was thereby saved. Every objection to the marriage of Adrienne and Savignic being now removed, the curtain descends, as the colonel observes in behalf of the poor mulatto, who had sacrificed himself for his mistress, that "according to the amount of the temptation, so is the measure of the punishment which Heaven awards the guilty." Several minor characters are introduced in the piece with excellent effect. The great merit of the drama is that the interest never fails, but increases with every scene. It is excellently written, being throughout pointed, amusing, and epigrammatic. The leading parts were admirably played by Mad. Celeste, Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Neville, and Mr. George Vining. At the end of every act the performers were recalled, and at the conclusion of the piece, the author, Mr. Leslie, was received with great enthusiasm, the manager having previously announced *Adrienne* as his first production.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE third season was inaugurated on Monday night most propitiously. The programme was agreeable and interesting from end to end, the performers, all of the first class, playing and singing their very best, and the audience that crowded St. James's Hall as able to appreciate as eager to applaud. Three great composers, who, though they have fulfilled very different missions in art, have each in a remarkable degree contributed to its progress, and, moreover, possess a something (almost, it may be, undefinable) in common—Spohr, Dussek, and Weber—were drawn upon for the selection, vocal and instrumental; and certainly, belonging as they all do, more or less, to the "romantic" (in the deep-felt, earnest signification of the term) and, at intervals, quasi-"melancholy" school, their united efforts resulted in as cheerful and brilliant a musical entertainment as, perhaps, was ever provided. Here and there a bit of "sentiment," it is true, peeped out; but it came like a stray sunbeam on a bracing winter-day, and the contrast only helped to endow the predominating vigour of the rest with the additional life and charm. We subjoin the programme:—

PART I.

Quartet, in G minor (strings)	Spohr.
Song, "Rose softly blooming" (Azore e Zemira)	Spohr.
Canzonet, "Name the glad day"	Dussek.
Sonata, in C major, Op. 24, Pianoforte solus	Weber. 5

PART II.

Sonata, in B flat, Op. 69 (pianoforte and violin)	Dussek.
Song, "Restore those visions bright."	Spohr.
Song, "Glücklein im Thale" (Euryanthe)	Weber.
Quartet, in B flat (pianoforte and strings)	Weber.
Conductor—Mr. Benedict.	

Spohr's quartet is one of the most immaculate productions of his early period, when, not yet absolutely "Spohr," but an ardent disciple of Mozart, he wrote with scarcely less consummate mastery and all but the inspired simplicity of that truly greatest of "absolute musicians"—to employ one of the happiest expressions of Herr Wagner, in a sense diametrically opposed to that which, in all probability (arguing from the context), Herr Wagner intended. The quartet in G minor is a work of genius beyond contradiction; and its spontaneous character, accompanied throughout by refined and exquisite beauty of ideas, is apt to cause regret that its composer should ever have branched out into the more individual but less amiable and engaging train of thought that led to those elaborate works with which his name has been almost exclusively associated. Spohr was not a commanding "self-luminous" intellect like Beethoven and Mendelssohn. He could doubtless think differently from other men, his predecessors and contemporaries; but it is a question whether, if, as he was well able to do, he had continued developing the idea of Mozart—as certain painters develop the idea of greater inventors, not greater artists, than themselves, instead of, like Beethoven, addressing the world in a language exclusively his own, he would not have produced more lasting works and entitled himself to more universal sympathy. Why, in order to win consideration, every musician, any more than every painter, should be expected to be "original," it would be difficult to explain. The air from *Azore e Zemira*, an opera produced not very many years after the quartet, again breathes the spirit of Mozart. It is evidently (and closely) modelled on "Voi che sapete;" and yet (higher praise could not be accorded) it may be placed side by side with that incomparable piece, and lose but little in comparison. The chamber-song in Part II. is one of the commonplaces of which Spohr was more frequently guilty than other decidedly great masters. "*Homerus dormitat*" sometimes; Spohr very often; Weber never. But, though Weber never sleeps, his wakefulness is not seldom the result of an over-zealous temperament. Witness, for instance, many passages—lengthened drawn-out passages—in the at times magnificent sonata, Op. 24, which, if all were as good as the last movement, would be a masterpiece. Nevertheless, the most unsatisfactory parts of this unequal composition possess a certain degree of interest. The leading thoughts are invariably fresh and vigorous, although the working out is occasionally diffuse and rambling. There is strength if not direction, as with a giant stumbling in the dark; and every false step leaves the impression of misapplied power, rather than of laborious incapacity. The vocal specimen of Weber conveys a sufficiently vivid notion of that cherished work upon which Robert Schumann affirmed he had "wasted his heart's blood," and of which Beethoven said, when Weber, stung by the cold reception it had met with, entreated the great "tone-poet" to retouch it—"The thing is good, leave it alone"—the opera of *Euryanthe*. Strange to say (*why strange?*), the honours of this excellent concert fell to the least known master of the three—at any rate least known to the majority of modern amateurs. Dussek, both in the vocal and instrumental contest, carried off the palm. The thoroughly enchanting sonata for pianoforte and violin—enchanting from its grace, its spontaneity, and its genuine unaffected individuality—created nothing short of a "furore;" and the audience, setting at defiance a rule, the habitual infringement of which cannot prove otherwise than detrimental to such performances as these, insisted upon a repetition of the final rondo. The extraordinary success achieved by this sonata (in B flat), which has been several times played, should encourage the directors of the Monday Popular Concerts—who, by the way, at the eleventh hour, has publicly announced his name (Mr. S. Arthur Chappell)—to introduce its

equally charming companion in G major, belonging to the same collection (Op. 69). The vocal "hit" of Dussek was achieved by a canzonet of exquisite loveliness—"Name the glad day, dear"—one of a set of six, which, though unknown to the present generation, are as worthy of being known as the most beautiful of Haydn. The revival of the compositions of so genial a master has been one of the distinguishing features of the concerts at St. James's Hall, where Dussek has created almost as much enthusiasm as Beethoven himself. Monday night brought such a triumph for the Bohemian musician, as would have delighted the ill-fated Prince Ferdinand of Prussia himself, who loved Dussek, his pianoforte playing, and his music almost as much as he hated the French nation, its government and its politics.

The vocal performers were Miss Augusta Thomson, who gave Spohr's songs, especially the one from *Azor and Zemira*, very sweetly, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, whose singing in the canzonet of Dussek, was worthy of the music, which is as much as to say absolute perfection. She was unanimously recalled; but, faithful to the good example she has lately followed at Her Majesty's Theatre, and which Mr. Sims Reeves, who has been compelled to sing three pieces out of four twice over (occasionally thrice) for the last ten years, has courageously and discreetly (as much to the advantage of the audience as of himself) initiated—declined to accept the "encore." The executants in the quartet were Herr Becker, one of the great favourites of last season, who now showed himself as much at home with Spohr, Dussek, and Weber, as he had already done with Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; Herr Ries, who has ably sustained the second violin since the institution of the Monday Popular Concerts; M. Schreurs, the most expert player on the viola whom the Continent has sent us; and Signor Piatti, the violoncellist without a rival, who has succeeded to the throne of Lindley, and occupies it with even greater distinction than his renowned predecessor. The pianist was M. Charles Hallé, one of the most expert, erudite, and accomplished of classical performers. This gentleman never played more admirably than in the *scherzo* and *finale* of Weber's sonata, at the end of which, as at the conclusion of Dussek's sonata (with Herr Becker), he was unanimously recalled to the platform. Mr. Benedict, the prince of accompanists, occupied his accustomed post, alike to the satisfaction of the singers and the audience.

At the next performance (Nov. 19) the instrumental pieces, including a quartet and pianoforte sonata never yet given at these concerts, will be selected from the works of Mozart.

Provincial.

WORCESTER.—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul gave one of their entertainments at the Music Hall, on Wednesday evening. As mimics, Mr. and Mrs. Paul are certainly clever, and their impersonations of the varied characters named in the programme secured the applause of a more than usually crowded house. The entertainment embodied, besides illustrations of character, English, Scotch, and Irish ballads, operatic selections, whims and oddities, and some well-selected music, so that there was a succession of novelties of a choice and amusing character. Mrs. Paul's portraiture of our great tenor, Sims Reeves, was to the letter, and her "make" up excellent. For this, she was rewarded with a hearty *encore*. Several of the songs were redemanded, and altogether the entertainment was very successful.—*Benbow's Journal*.

DUBLIN.—Mad. Clara Novello has taken her last farewell of the Dublin public. On Wednesday, the 7th inst., she sang at the Philharmonic Society, and on Thursday at the Ancient Concerts. Mad. Novello, in her farewell tour, continues to adhere to the same programme nearly, wisely, perhaps, since it comprises all her best pieces in various styles. The selections from the *Messiah* and *Creation* display her talents in the sacred school; the aria "Com, è bello," and air "Robert, toi que j'aime!" exhibit her powers in the Italian and French school; while the English ballad, "The beating of my own heart," and the Scotch Jacobite song, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," are specimens of her simple and expressive manner. How finely she sings all we are invariably

reminded whenever we read of the lady's doings. Of Mad. Novello's last two appearances, and of the concerts at which she bade her final adieu, the *Evening Mail* thus speaks:—

"The concerts of the above societies, which took place on Wednesday and Thursday evenings last, were of more than ordinary interest, as they formed a portion of Mad. Clara Novello's farewell performances—by far the most important portion, as the three concerts subsequently given in the Rotunda, being without an orchestra, did not approach them in magnitude. It was lucky for the musical public in Dublin that Mad. Novello came just at the opening of the seasons of the two societies we have mentioned, as it gave an opportunity of hearing the gifted lady both in secular and sacred song, with an assurance that the best and most effective selections would be made for the occasion. The programme of the Philharmonic contained some pieces which, independent of all extraneous aid, should have been sufficient to attract and delight an audience; while that of the Ancient's comprised a selection of—*can* we say the best, where all are so exquisite—of the most attractive and best known solos and chorusses from the *Messiah* and *Creation*. Here was a selection of which Mad. Novello might herself feel proud. The two concerts were musical entertainments so excellent and so well contrasted that they were not only calculated to gratify but convey instruction. From the instrumental music given at the Philharmonic, we may mention Haydn's symphony, No. 7, a work of great beauty, full of melody, abounding with delicate and elegant figures of instrumentation, and rising to climax by the most legitimate artistic expedients. In fact the work of a man who was born a musician, and who could no more help giving forth music, beautiful and harmonious, than the flowers could refrain from putting forth their blossoms to the returning spring. This symphony was so well and intelligibly played as to make us hope more of Haydn's works will be revived during this season, as no other compositions are so well fitted to generate a love for instrumental music. Beethoven's fine and vigorous overture, *Coriolan*, was likewise boldly rendered, and Weber's *Abon Hassan* played the company out, as organists say. We must mention, in terms of no common praise, some charming part-singing by the members of the "English Glee and Madrigal Union." Horsley's "When the wind blows in the sweet rose tree," was sung with special charm, and unanimously redemanded. Spofforth's "Marked you her eye"—though the duet commencing is tedious—was likewise sung with much elegance; and Bishop's lovely quintet, "Blow gentle gales," went with rare felicity. We could not help thinking how far superior these vocal part-pieces by our English worthies are to the German quartets which have been so much the vogue amongst our Dublin amateurs of late years. But then the English glees require good voices, and the cultivation of the vocal art to express them, while the German part-songs, mostly written for students, demand little voice and less art to vociferate them, coarse loudness being one of their essentials. Genuine singers the English glee possessed, in Messrs. Baxter, Lawler, Cummings and Land. Mad. Novello's singing on Wednesday evening was distinguished by all that purity of tone and grace of utterance which have characterised this gifted artist for many years back. She sang, "Robert, toi que j'aime!" "Com è bello," and "The beating of my own heart," and to an *encore* of the latter, "Bonnie Prince Charlie." We lament she was not accompanied in the two first *arias* by the orchestra, as much of the effect was lost by a mere pianoforte accompaniment. We understand this was in accordance with Mad. Novello's desire; nevertheless, the committee should not have complied, more particularly as there were present an efficient band and competent conductor. Herr Molique played a *romance*, by Lafont, on the violin; Mlle. Anna Molique two *pianissimo* solos.

The selection at the Ancient Concerts was made from the *Messiah* and *Creation*. "The Pastoral Symphony" opened the performance, followed by "There were Shepherds," beautifully declaimed by Mad. Novello. This lady also sang "Come unto Him, all ye that labour," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in the portions from the *Messiah*; and in those from the *Creation*—"the Marvellous Work" and "With verdure clad." These pieces were rendered with a felicity precious with devotional feeling, and adorned with artistic expression of the highest order, while the voice, the gift of nature, for pure deliciousness of tone and sympathy with the phrases uttered, has never been equalled. Indeed, we do not hope to hear such an exponent of sacred song again, and the retirement of Mad. Novello in the prime of her powers will cause a blank not easily to be filled up at all the future great musical gatherings in England. Miss Eyles sang "He was despised" expressively. "Thy rebuke" and "Behold and see," as rendered by Mr. Cummings, were not happy vocal displays, evincing a want of both cultivation of voice and manner. He gave "Now vanish before the holy beams" with rather more fervour; yet it would be advisable for him to keep solely to part-singing, in which he is very efficient, at least for the

present. Mr. Lawler sang "Why do the nations," and "Rolling in foaming billows," skilfully, and with a tone and power that will ultimately make him a valuable addition to our oratorio singers. The choruses were throughout admirable, well balanced, brightly in tune, and sonorous, and the band was careful, clear, and without weakness. It is a matter of congratulation to both societies that the English artists who gave their services at the two concerts, will carry away favourable impressions of our Dublin chorus and orchestra, and it is really a matter of surprise to us how they could be brought together with so much efficiency at the commencement of the Dublin season. This gives us hope, nay assurance, of progress during the remainder of the season. On the whole, the two performances were most creditable. The "Philharmonic" was under the direction of Mr. Bussell, and "The Ancients" conducted by Mr. Joseph Robinson.

CORK.—At the farewell performance of Mad. Rudersdorff's Opera Company, the selection consisted of the last act of *Sonnambula*, the fourth act of *Trovatore*, and the Singing Lesson in the *Daughter of the Regiment*, concluding with a farce. The portion of *Trovatore* which was performed presented a feature which was looked for with much interest, as it had been generally rumoured that our talented fellow-citizen Mr. Topham was to sing behind the scenes in the celebrated Miserere scene. Nothing could exceed the rapturous applause with which both Mad. Rudersdorff and Mr. Topham were received, both being called before the curtain, when they were greeted with loud plaudits from boxes, pit, and gallery—all of which were densely crowded. The singing of Mad. Rudersdorff, especially in the scene from the *Daughter of the Regiment*, was such as to create rather imperative demands for an encore, with which she obligingly complied by singing three songs additional to those in the opera. At the conclusion of the performance she was called before the curtain, when she came forward to the front of the stage, and warmly thanking the public of Cork for their kind reception of her, stated that the Company intended again visiting the city on the approach of Christmas, when she hoped she would receive a *Cead Mille Failte*. The announcement was received with loud and continued cheering.—*Cork Advertiser*.

AN ENGLISH COMPOSER ON THE CONTINENT.—Mr. Ferdinand Quentin Duliken (son of the late Mad. Duliken), at present residing in Warsaw, is writing two operas which he intends bringing out upon the London stage. They will be entitled *Waverley* and *A Game of Chess*; the latter being a comic opera in one act.—*Communicated*.

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